THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, December 8, 1800.

THE UNFORTUNATE SAILOR.

[From the Rev. Mr. Warner's Walk through ſome of the Weſtern Counties of England.]

THE courage of ſpeculation and that neceſſary for actual exertion are very different in their kinds. A man may eaſily be a hero in deſign, but to become one in reality is not an operation of ſuch facility. Over-night I had determined to croſs Dartmoor alone, but this morning, as the trial approximated, my reſolution, like Acres's courage, gradually oozed away, and before breakfaſt was finiſhed, I had dropped the idea, and determined to take a circuitous route by Oakhampton to the place I wiſhed to reach. This reſolve was in ſome meaſure induced by an account given by my landlord, whilſt filling the tea-pot, of an accident which had happened on the part of Dartmoor I was about to croſs, a few months ago. A peaſant of the country, in purſuing ſome ſheep which had wandered from their accuſtomed paſturage, diſcovered in the middle of the naked ſolitude that ſtretches from Lidford nearly twenty miles in a ſouth-eaſtern direction, the body of a ſailor, much emaciated, and in ſuch a ſtate as gave reaſon to think he had been lying on the ſpot five or ſix weeks. His countenance, however, was ſerene, and his poſture compoſed; a ſmall bundle of linen ſupported his head, and the remains of a faithful dog lay at his feet. Nobody could be found to tell who he was, or from whence he came; the pariſh therefore removed the body

to Lidford, and gave it an humble grave in the church-yard there.

This anecdote not only produced the immediate reſolution of changing my route, but awakened every tender feeling of my heart. In truth it was a ſimple ſorrowful tale, that forcibly intereſted the imagination.—Fancy readily filled up the outline which I had heard, with the moſt affecting touches. She pictured the unfortunate tar returning from a long and perilous voyage, big with the hope of once more embracing thoſe connections whoſe beloved idea had lain in abſence like a cordial at his boſom, and cheered his ſpirit amid the pain of toil and in the hour of danger; anticipating, perhaps, the tranſports of diſintereſted affection, when he ſhould preſs his faithful girl within his arms; perhaps, the raptures of a fond father; perhaps, the proud exalted feelings of a grateful duteous ſon. In a moment ſhe called down the pitileſs ſtorm upon his head; awakened the terrors of the thunder; threw the lightnings over the waſte; and painted him wandering amongſt the rugged crags and gloomy hollows, benighted, ignorant, and alone.—She now preſented him wan with toil and hunger; exhauſted by fatigue; hopeleſs with diſappointment; ſtretched upon the cold rock,

" Thinking o'er all the bitterneſs of death,
" Mix'd with the tender anguiſh nature ſhoots
" Through the wrung boſom of the dying man,
" His wife, his children, and his friends unſeen;"

but ſtill, amid the raging of the elements, and the pains of diſſolution, preſerving " that high courage undiſmayed by mortal terrors," which characteriſes the Britiſh ſailor; and meeting his inevitable deſtiny with tranquil compoſure.—Farewell, ill-fated tar, and let a ſtranger's tear embalm thy memory! That gracious Being, who has ſo often covered thy head in the day of battle, and preſerved thee amid the dangers of the ſea, " when the ſtormy winds aroſe, and lifted up the waves thereof;" that gracious Being, who numbereth the very hairs of our heads, and before whom even a ſparrow doth not fall to the ground unnoticed, will not forget thee, the ſheep of his paſture, the creature of his hand; but when time ſhall have brought to paſs the accompliſhment of the ages, and death be ſwallowed up in victory, will call thee from " thy narrow-dwelling" to thoſe kind ſkies and halcyon regions which no tempeſts can obſcure; no diſcord can approach; from which moral deformity and

natural

natural evil are alike for ever baniſhed; where righteouſneſs, peace, and truth meet together,

" And one unbounded ſpring encircles all!"

Narrative of the Infancy and Youth of Robert Burns, the Scotch Poet. Written by Himſelf.

[From Dr. Currie's new Edition of the Works of Burns.]

(Continued from Page 426, and concluded.)

" MY life flowed on much in the ſame courſe till my twenty-third year. *Vive l'amour, et vive la bagatelle*, were my ſole principles of action. The addition of two more authors to my library gave me great pleaſure; Sterne and M'Kenzie—Triſtram Shandy and The Man of Feeling were my boſom favourites. Poeſy was ſtill a darling walk for my mind, but it was only indulged in according to the humour of the hour. I had uſually half a dozen or more pieces on hand; I took up one or other as it ſuited the momentary tone of the mind, and diſmiſſed the work as it bordered on fatigue. My paſſions, when once lighted up, raged like ſo many devils, till they got vent in rhyme; and then in conning over my verſes, like a ſpell, ſoothed all into quiet! None of the rhymes of thoſe days are in print, except 'Winter, a Dirge,' the eldeſt of my printed pieces; 'The Death of Poor Molly,' 'John Barleycorn,' and ſongs firſt, ſecond, and third (vol. 3.) Song ſecond was the ebullition of that paſſion which ended the forementioned ſchool buſineſs.

" My twenty-third year was to me an important æra. Partly through whim, and partly that I wiſhed to ſet about doing ſomething in life, I joined a flax-dreſſer in a neighbouring town (Irvine), to learn his trade. This was an unlucky affair. My ***, and to finiſh the whole, as we were giving a welcoming carouſal to the new year, the ſhop took fire and burnt to aſhes, and I was left, like a true poet, not worth a ſixpence.

" I was obliged to give up this ſcheme; the clouds of misfortune were gathering thick round my father's head; and what was worſt of all, he was viſibly far gone in a conſumption; and, to crown my diſtreſſes, a *belle fille* whom I adored, and who had pledged her ſoul to meet me in the field

of matrimony, jilted me with peculiar circumſtances of mortification. The finiſhing evil that brought up the rear of this infernal file, was my conſtitutional melancholy being increaſed to ſuch a degree, that for three months I was in a ſtate of mind ſcarcely to be envied by the hopeleſs wretches who have got their mittimus—'Depart from me, ye curſed!'

"From this adventure I learned ſomething of a town life; but the principal thing which gave my mind a turn was a friendſhip I formed with a young fellow, a very noble character, but a hapleſs ſon of misfortune. He was the ſon of a ſimple mechanic, but a great man in the neighbourhood taking him under his patronage, gave him a genteel education, with a view of bettering his ſituation in life. The patron dying juſt as he was ready to launch out into the world, the poor fellow in deſpair went to ſea; where, after a variety of good and ill fortune, a little before I was acquainted with him, he had been ſet aſhore by an American privateer, on the wild coaſt of Connaught, ſtripped of every thing. I cannot quit this poor fellow's ſtory without adding, that he is at this time maſter of a large Weſt Indiaman belonging to the Thames.

"His mind was fraught with independence, magnanimity, and every manly virtue. I loved and admired him to a degree of enthuſiaſm, and of courſe ſtrove to imitate him. In ſome meaſure I ſucceeded. I had pride before, but he taught it to flow in proper channels. His knowledge of the world was vaſtly ſuperior to mine, and I was all attention to learn. He was the only man I ever ſaw who was a greater fool than myſelf, where woman was the preſiding ſtar; but he ſpoke of illicit love with the levity of a ſailor, which hitherto I had regarded with horror. Here his friendſhip did me a miſchief, and the conſequence was, that ſoon after I reſumed the plough, I wrote the Poet's Welcome*. My reading only increaſed while in this town by two ſtray volumes of Pamela, and one of Ferdinand Count Fathom, which gave me ſome idea of novels. Rhyme, except ſome religious pieces that are in print, I had given up; but meeting with Ferguſon's Scottiſh Poems, I ſtrung anew my wildly ſounding lyre with emulating vigour. When my father died, his all went among the hell-hounds that growl in the kennel of juſtice! but we made a ſhift to collect a little money in the family amongſt us, with which, to keep us together,

* Rob the Rhymer's Welcome to his Baſtard Child.

together, my brother and I took a neighbouring farm. My brother wanted my hair-brained imagination, as well as my ſocial and amorous madneſs; but in good ſenſe, and every ſober qualification, he was far my ſuperior."

" I entered on this farm with a full reſolution, ' Come go to, I will be wiſe!' I read farming books; I calculated crops; I attended markets; and, in ſhort, in ſpite of ' the Devil, the world, and the fleſh,' I believe I ſhould have been a wiſe man; but the firſt year, from unfortunately buying bad ſeed, the ſecond from a late harveſt, we loſt half our crops. This overſet all my wiſdom, and I returned, ' like the dog to his vomit, and the ſow that was waſhed to her wallowing in the mire.'

" I now began to be known in the neighbourhood as a maker of rhymes. The firſt of my poetic offspring that ſaw the light was a burleſque lamentation on a quarrel between two reverend Calviniſts, both of them *dramatis perſonæ* in my Holy Fair. I had a notion myſelf, the piece had ſome merit; but to prevent the worſt, I gave a copy of it to a friend who was very fond of ſuch things, and told him that I could not gueſs who was the author of it, but that I thought it pretty clever. With a certain deſcription of the clergy, as well as laity, it met with a roar of applauſe. ' Holy Willie's Prayer' next made its appearance, and alarmed the kirk ſeſſion ſo much, that they held ſeveral meetings to look over their ſpiritual artillery, if happily any of it might be pointed againſt profane rhymers. Unluckily for me, my wanderings laid me on another ſide, within point blank ſhot of their heavieſt metal. This is the unfortunate ſtory that gave riſe to my printed poem " The Lament." This was a moſt melancholy affair, which I cannot yet bear to reflect on, and had very nearly given me one or two of the principal qualifications for a place among thoſe who have loſt the chart, and miſtaken the reckoning of rationality. I gave up my part of the farm to my brother; in truth it was only nominally mine; and made what little preparations was in my power for Jamaica. But, before leaving my native country for ever, I reſolved to publiſh my poems. I weighed my productions as impartially as was in my power; I thought they had merit; and it was a delicious idea that I ſhould be called a clever fellow, even though it ſhould never reach my ears—a poor negro-driver—or perhaps a victim to that inhoſpitable clime, and gone to the world of ſpirits! I can truly ſay, *pauvre inconnu* as I then was, I had pretty nearly as high an idea of myſelf and of my works,

works, as I have at this moment, when the public has decided in their favour. It ever was my opinion, that the miſtakes and blunders both in a rational and religious point of view, of which we ſee thouſands daily guilty, are owing to their ignorance of themſelves.

"To know myſelf had been all along my favourite ſtudy. I weighed myſelf alone; I balanced myſelf with others; I watched every means of information, to ſee how much ground I occupied as a man and as a poet; I ſtudied aſſiduouſly nature's deſign in my formation; where the lights and ſhades in my character were intended. I was pretty confident my poems would meet with ſome applauſe; but at the worſt, the roar of the Atlantic would deafen the voice of cenſure, and the novelty of Weſt Indian ſcenes make me forget neglect. I threw off 600 copies, of which I had got ſubſcriptions for about 350.—My vanity was highly gratified by the reception I met with from the public; and beſides, I pocketed, all expences deducted, nearly twenty pounds. This ſum came very ſeaſonably, as I was thinking of indenting myſelf for want of money to procure my paſſage. As ſoon as I was maſter of nine guineas, the price of waſting me to the torrid zone, I took a ſteerage paſſage in the firſt ſhip that was to ſail from Clyde, for

"Hungry ruin had me in the wind."

"I had now been ſome days ſkulking from covert to covert, under all the terrors of a jail, as ſome ill-adviſed people had uncoupled the mercileſs pack of the law at my heels. I had taken the laſt farewell of my few friends; my cheſt was on the road to Greenock; I had compoſed the laſt ſong I ſhould ever meaſure in Caledonia, "The gloomy night is gathering faſt," when a letter from Dr. Blacklock to a friend of mine overthrew all my ſchemes, by opening new proſpects to my poetic ambition—The Doctor belonged to a ſet of critics, for whoſe applauſe I had not dared to hope. His opinion that I would meet with encouragement at Edinburgh for ſuch an edition, fired me ſo much, that away I poſted for that city, without a ſingle acquaintance, or a ſingle letter of introduction. The baneful ſtar which had ſo long ſhed its blaſting influence in my zenith, for once made a revolution to the nadir; and a kind providence placed me under the patronage of one of the nobleſt of men, the Earl of Glencairn. *Oublie moi, grand Dieu, ſi jamais je l'oublie.*

"I need relate no farther. At Edinburgh I was in a new world; I mingled among claſſes of men, but all of them

new to me, and I was all attention to " catch" the characters and " the manners living as they rife." Whether I have profited, time will ſhew."

Important Medical Communication on the prevalent Diſeaſe of Scolding.

FROM the days of the Spectator to the preſent time, periodical writers have indulged in invectives againſt ſcolding, from an evident miſconception of the true nature, principles, and practice of ſcolding. Nay, our anceſtors were more to blame, becauſe they went farther, and, conſidering ſcolding as a crime, invented a puniſhment for it. Much light has never been ſhed upon the ſubject; but as I have made it my particular ſtudy for the laſt five-and-thirty years, that is, ever ſince I entered into the happy ſtate of matrimony, I hope I ſhall have it in my power to diſpel the darkneſs of ignorant and perſecuting times, and contribute ſomething to eradicate thoſe unreaſonable prejudices, which many gentleman of our own days entertain againſt ſcolding.

The theory of ſcolding has been groſsly miſtaken. That which is a diſeaſe has been conſidered as a fault; whereas, in fact, ſcolding is a diſeaſe, principally of the lungs; and when the noxious matter has been long pent up, it affects the organs of ſpeech in a very extraordinary manner, and is diſcharged with a violence which, while it relieves the patients, tends very much to diſturb and frighten the beholders, or perſons that happen to be within hearing.

Such is my *theory* of ſcolding; and if we examine all the appearances which it preſents in different families, we ſhall find that they will all confirm this doctrine. It is, therefore, the greateſt cruelty, and the greateſt ignorance, to conſider it as a crime. A perſon may as well be confined in gaol for a fever, or tranſported for the gout, as puniſhed for ſcolding, which is, to all intents and purpoſes, a diſeaſe ariſing from the cauſes already mentioned.

Nor is it only a diſeaſe of itſelf, but it is alſo, when improperly treated, the cauſe of many other diſorders. Neglected ſcoldings have often produced fits, of which a remarkable inſtance may be found in a treatiſe written by Dr. Colman, entitled " The Jealous Wife," in the fourth chapter, or act, as he calls it, of that celebrated work. On the other hand, where the ſcolding matter has been long pent up, without any vent, I have little doubt that it may bring on

conſumptions

conſumptions of the lungs, and thoſe dreadful hyſterical diſorders which, if not ſpeedily fatal, at leaſt enbitter the lives of many worthy members of ſociety. All theſe evils might have been averted, if the faculty had conſidered ſcolding in the light of a diſeaſe, and had treated it accordingly. In purſuance of my theory, I now proceed to the

SYMPTOMS.

The ſymptoms of ſcolding are theſe; a quick pulſe, generally about one hundred beats in a minute: the eyes conſiderably inflamed, eſpecially in perſons who are fat, or reſide near Wapping; a flushing in the face, very often to a great degree; at other times, in the courſe of the fit, the colour goes and comes in a moſt ſurprizing manner; an irregular, but violent motion of the hands and arms, and a ſtamping with the right foot; the voice exceedingly loud, and as the diſorder advances, it become hoarſe and inarticulate; and the whole frame is agitated. After theſe ſymptoms have continued for ſome time, they gradually, and in ſome caſes very ſuddenly, go off; a plentiful effuſion of water comes from the eyes, and the patient is reſtored to health; but the diſorder leaves a conſiderable degree of weakneſs, and a peculiar fooliſhneſs of look, eſpecially if any ſtrangers have been preſent during the fit. The memory too is, I conceive, ſomewhat impaired; the patient appears to retain a very imperfect recollection of what paſſed, and if put in mind of any circumſtances, obſtinately denies them. Theſe ſymptoms, it may be ſuppoſed, will vary conſiderably in different patients, but where they appear at one time, there can be very little doubt of the diſorder.

PREDISPOSING CAUSES.

In all diſeaſes, a knowledge of the prediſpoſing cauſes will be found to aſſiſt us in the cure. In the preſent caſe, theſe cauſes are, irritability of the vaſcular ſyſtem, an exaltation of the paſſions, and a moderate deficiency of natural temper.

OCCASIONAL CAUSES.

The occaſional cauſes of ſcolding are many. Among them may be enumerated the throwing down of a china baſon, miſplacing a hat, or a pair of gloves, or an umbrella; leaving a door open; over-doing the meat; underdoing the ſame; ſpilling the ſoup; letting the fire go out; miſtaking the hour, &c. &c. with many others, which I do not think

it very neceſſary to enumerate, becauſe theſe cauſes are ſo natural, that we cannot prevent them, and becauſe, whatever the occaſional cauſe of the diſorder may be, the ſymptoms are the ſame, and the mode of cure the ſame.

CURE.

Various remedies have been thought of for this diſtemper, but all hitherto of the rough and violent kind, which, therefore, if they remove the ſymptoms for the preſent, have a greater diſpoſition toward the diſorder than before. Among theſe the common people frequently preſcribe the application of an oak-ſtick, a horſewhip, or a leather ſtrap or belt, which, however, are all liable to the objection I have juſt ſtated. Others have recommended *argumentation;* but this, like inoculation, will not produce the deſired effect, unleſs the patient be in ſome degree prepared to receive it. Some have adviſed a perfect ſilence in all perſons who are near the patient; but I muſt ſay, that wherever I have ſeen this tried, it has rather heightened the diſorder, by bringing on fits. The ſame thing may be ſaid of *obedience*, or letting the patient have her own way. This is preciſely like giving drink in a dropſical caſe, or curing a burning fever by throwing in great quantities of brandy.

As the chief intention of this paper was to prove that ſcolding is a diſeaſe, and not a fault, I ſhall not enlarge much on the mode of cure; becauſe the moment my theory is adopted every perſon will be able to treat the diſorder *ſecundum artem.* I ſhall mention, however, the following preſcription, which I never found to fail, if properly adminiſtered:

Take—Of *Common Senſe*, thirty grains.
Decent Behaviour, one ſcruple.
Due Conſideration, ten grains.

Mix, and ſprinkle the whole with *one moment's thought*, to be taken as ſoon as any of the occaſional cauſes appear.

By way of diet, though it is not neceſſary to reſtrict the patient to a milk or vegetable diet, yet I have always found it proper to guard them againſt ſtrong or ſpirituous liquors, or any thing that tends to heat the blood.

But it is now expedient that I ſhould ſtate a matter of very great importance in the prevention of this diſorder, and which I have left till now, that my arguments on the ſubject may appear diſtinct, and may be comprehended under one

view. It is commonly ſuppoſed, and indeed has often been aſſerted, that this diſorder is peculiar to one only of the ſexes; and I truſt I need not add, what ſex that is. But although it may be true that they are moſt liable to it, yet it is certain, from the theory laid down reſpecting the predisposing cauſes, that the men are equally in danger. Why then do we not find as many males afflicted with ſcolding as we do females? For this plain reaſon;—ſcolding, as proved above, is the effect of a certain noxious matter pent up. Now this matter engenders in men, as well as in women; but the latter have not the frequent opportunities for diſcharging it, which the men enjoy. Women are, by faſhion and certain confined modes of life, reſtrained from all thoſe public companies, clubs, aſſemblies, coffee-houſes, &c. &c. where the men have a continual opportunity of diſcharging the cauſe of the diſorder, without its ever accumulating in ſo great a quantity as to produce the ſymptoms I have enumerated. This, and this only, is the cauſe why the diſeaſe appears moſt often in the female ſex. I would propoſe, therefore, if I were a legiſlator, or if I had influence enough to ſet a faſhion, that the ladies ſhould in all reſpects imitate the ſocieties of the men; that they ſhould have their clubs, their coffee-houſes, diſputing ſocieties, and even their parliament. In ſuch places they would be able to take that ſpecies of exerciſe that tends to keep down the diſorder, which at preſent accumulates in confinement, and, when nature attempts a diſcharge, the exploſion is attended with all the violence and irregularities I have before enumerated.

Thus much I have ventured to advance reſpecting ſcolding, and I hope that I ſhall ſucceed in abating the unreaſonable prejudices which have been foſtered by an affected ſuperiority in our ſex, joined to a portion of ignorance, which, to ſay the leaſt, renders that ſuperiority a matter of great doubt. I have only to add, that my motives for all this have been perfectly diſintereſted, and that I ſhall be very happy to give advice to any perſon labouring under the diſorder. Letters (poſt paid) may be addreſſed to

CELSUS BOERHAAVE, M. D.

Curious Inſtance of Luminous Preaching.

THE ſtile in which public addreſſes were drawn up during the unhappy civil contentions in this country, and for

for ſome time afterwards, it is well known was extremely quaint and unedifying; the following anecdote may ſerve as a ſpecimen. One of the Protector's chaplains, who were not amongſt the leaſt eminent preachers of their day, was particularly admired by a good man of thoſe times—he often mentioned the excellencies of his favourite miniſter to a ſenſible friend, and promiſed him great pleaſure and information if he would hear him; his friend readily conſented, and on an early day took his ſeat in the church where this admired orator held forth. The ſubject which the preacher handled at that time was the divine anger, which he thus defined; "The dark ſide of the Creator ſet againſt the dark ſide of the creature, to increaſe his darkneſs." The illuſtration proved to be as clear as the definition, and full of delight, the admirer of the orator aſked his friend what he thought of the diſcourſe—the reply was laconic and deciſive; "I think it was the dark ſide of the preacher ſet againſt the dark ſide of the hearer, to increaſe his darkneſs!"

Deſcription of Cumberland Cavern, in Derbyſhire.

By the Rev. J. EVANS.

THIS cavern is ſituated on the brow of a ſteep hill, and its mouth is cloſed with a white-waſhed wooden door, which being opened, the man took his taper out of his lantern, with which he lighted three candles to guide our dreary ſteps through the bowels of the earth. Whilſt this ceremony was performing we ſtood at the entrance, and ſurveyed with pleaſure the romantic ſcenery which ſurrounded us. We were taking, as it were, a farewell of the cheerful light of day, when our leader informed us that the lights were ready, and having taken them into our hands, we followed him in ſlow proceſſion. The firſt thirty yards of the way were partly artificial, he having himſelf piled up ſtones on each ſide, that the entrance into the cavern might be gained with greater facility. We now deſcended into this gloomy abode by ſteps, fifty-four in number, which ſeemed as if we were going down towards the centre of the earth! At the bottom of this deſcent the cave opened upon us in ſolitary grandeur. The profoundeſt ſilence reigned in every corner of the manſion. Huge maſſes of ſtone were piled on each other with a tremendous kind of careleſſneſs, and were

evidently produced by ſome violent concuſſion of the adjacent parts, though at a period utterly unknown to any human creature.

From this curious place we aſcended, as it were, the ſide of a ſteep hill, and at the top came to a long regular paſſage of conſiderable extent. The roof had all the regularity of a finiſhed ceiling, and was exquiſitely beſpangled by ſpars of every deſcription. From above and below, and from the reſpective ſides, the rays of our candle were reflected in a thouſand directions! Our path had ſo brilliant an aſpect, that my eyes were for ſome time fixed upon it, though I truſt not with the ſame temper of mind with which Milton has made one of the fallen angels contemplate the pavement of Heaven. When I withdrew my attention from this enchanting object, I was ſhewn little cavities on every hand, which contained ſpars in all their innumerable forms of cryſtallization. The wantonneſs of nature in theſe her operations is truly wonderful, and oftentimes exceeds our conceptions. The part of the cavern that is moſt ornamented by the brilliancy of the ſpars and ores, we were aſſured particularly delighted the ladies, who, notwithſtanding their characteriſtic timidity, have ventured into this dark abode for the gratification of their curioſity!

Proceeding onwards a few yards we came to large flat ſtones, which lay on one another, not altogether unlike flitches of bacon. How they came there, and for what reaſon they could be thus laid together, baffled our comprehenſion. In the next compartment we obſerved large rocks heaped on rocks, in terrible array, and on deſcending from this part theſe rocks aſſume a more threatening aſpect, and ſeem as if they would ſlide down upon you and cruſh you to atoms! Another ſcene ſurpriſes you, and is peculiarly gratifying to the ſenſes. An apartment is decorated with what is here called the ſnow foſſil. This ſpecies of ſtone is, both from its figure and colour, a charming reſemblance of ſnow. Its fairneſs and delicacy cannot fail to pleaſe. One portion of this apartment was ſo exquiſitely ſtained by this foſſil, that it poſſeſſed peculiar charms. It had juſt the appearance of a cavity, into which the ſnow had been driſted by the winter ſtorm! This apparent imitation of nature is certainly a beautiful curioſity.

Near the extremity of the cavern was ſhewn a branch of this wonderful receſs, which might, on account of its internal appearance, be denominated the piſcatory hall! Here are ſeen, on one particular ſide, fiſhes petrified and fixed in the

the ſeveral ſtrata, which form the ſurrounding receſs. What kind of fiſh they were could not be aſcertained, but they were clearly diſcernable; and excited our aſtoniſhment. One of the fiſhes had its back actually jutting out of the ſide of the earth, as if petrified in the act of ſwimming! How wonderful! What an indiſputable proof that the earth was once in a ſtate of fluidity!

We might have ſeen another branch of the cavern, where was to be found a well of conſiderable depth; but waving this further reſearch, we returned the way we came. After many an aſcent and deſcent, together with numerous meanderings we reached the entrance, and hailed the cheerful light of day with renovated ſatisfaction.

AN ORATION ON MARRIAGE,

ADDRESSED TO THE LADIES.

IT is with the utmoſt concern I acquaint you, my young friends, that marriage, an ordinance of God, ſo honourable in itſelf, and ſo abſolutely neceſſary for the maintenance of ſociety, is at preſent greatly on the decline. The cauſes of this decay, in ſo ſacred and beneficial an inſtitution (ordained for the happineſs of both ſexes, in this chequered ſtate of trial and probation,) are various and many, ariſing from the inadvertencies of both parties; but particularly with reſpect to the female ſex, I am ſorry to ſay, there is too great reaſon to fear, it proceeds from the gaiety, levity, and extravagance, which ſo dreadfully appears through the whole nation.

Be aſſured, my amiable hearers, were you to endeavour by a ſober, prudent, and diſcreet behaviour, eſpecially in public, to gain admiration and eſteem, you would not want for admirers among the ſenſible part of mankind, however the inſignificant coxcomb might laugh at and deſpiſe you; and how pleaſing it is, to have the love and favour of the wiſe and diſcerning few, I leave you to determine; fully convinced of the rectitude of your judgments and the depth of your underſtandings. I am perſuaded, ye tender and diſcerning fair, were you but to exert one half of that good humour and ſagacity you are miſtreſſes of, accompanied with thoſe lovely intellectual graces your Maker has endowed you with (though not poſſeſt with thoſe beautiful features ſome of your ſex may have) you would gain univerſal love,

and

and be proof againſt the ſtrongeſt attacks of malevolence and ill nature.

Let me intreat you, as you value your own characters and the good opinion of the world, to try the experiment without delay; ſuffer not the faſhions of a licentious age, or the deluſive pleaſures of riot and diſſipation, to draw off your attention from the improvement of your minds, the practice of religion, and the love of virtue. Lay aſide that anxiety and ſolicitude for public amuſements, which is but too evident through your whole conduct; hearken not to the voice of adulation, and ſhun the flatterer with a juſt diſdain. Conſider yourſelves as formed for nobler ends than to be gazed at by the paſſing crowd, and act up to your dignity as immortal beings. Aim to be neat but not fine, agreeable not handſome, and virtuous without formality. Let your converſation be intermixed with the ſprightlineſs of wit, the flowings of good ſenſe, and the ſweetneſs of affability; your behaviour interminglied with modeſty without reſerve, and merriment without levity. Be ſober, but not dull, pleaſant without folly, and prudent without oſtentation. Endeavour to be truly beautiful within, and your perſons cannot fail of being lovely.

J. G.

Character of Queen Mary, the Conſort of King William the Third.

By the Rev. Mr. BELSHAM.

THIS Princeſs was in December, 1694, attacked with what appeared a tranſient indiſpoſition, from which ſhe ſoon, in a great degree, recovered. But the diſorder returning with more ſerious ſymptoms, the phyſicians of the houſehold were called in, who pronounced it to be the meaſles, and very improper remedies were applied, for it was ſoon aſcertained it was the ſmall-pox of the confluent and moſt malignant ſort. She probably thought herſelf in danger from the firſt, as in an early ſtage ſhe ſhut herſelf up in her cloſet for many hours, and burning many papers, put the reſt in order.

The new Archbiſhop (Tenniſon) attended her, and when no hope of recovery remained, he, with the King's approbation, communicated to her the true ſtate of her condition. She received the intelligence with the moſt perfect compo-

ſure, and ſaid ſhe thanked God ſhe had always carried this in her mind, that nothing was to be left till the laſt hour; ſhe had nothing then to do but to look up to God and ſubmit to his will, and continued to the laſt uniformly calm and reſigned. She gave orders to look carefully for a ſmall eſcritoir, to be delivered to the King.

The day before ſhe died ſhe received the ſacrament—all the Biſhops, who were attending, being admitted to receive it with her; after which ſhe had her laſt interview with the King, to whom ſhe addreſſed a few broken ſentences, imperfectly underſtood. Cordials were adminiſtered, but in vain. She lay ſilent for ſome hours, and from a few words which then dropped from her lips, it was perceived that her thoughts were wandering.

In concluſion, ſhe died on the 28th of December, 1694, about one in the morning, in the 33d year of her age, and ſixth of her reign. She was buried at Weſtminſter with unuſual honours, both Houſes of Parliament aſſiſting at the ſolemnity, and her memory was conſecrated by the tears of the nation. All diſtinctions of party ſeemed for a moment to be forgotten and abſorbed in one general ſentiment of affectionate and grateful admiration. Yet ſuch is the tendency of faction to debaſe and brutaliſe the mind, that a certain non-juring clergyman was capable of inſulting the memory of this accompliſhed Princeſs, by preaching, on the occaſion of her funeral, on the following remarkable text: "Go now, ſee this accurſed woman, and bury her, for ſhe is a King's daughter."

The King was juſtly inconſolable for her loſs. During her illneſs he had given way to the moſt paſſionate burſts of grief; and after her death he ſeemed for many weeks and months plunged into the deepeſt melancholy. The neceſſity of attending to the great affairs of government at length rouſed him, in ſome meaſure, from his lethargy, and he gradually recovered his compoſure of mind; but to the laſt moment of his life he retained the fondeſt and tendereſt affection for her memory.

SINGULAR PHÆNOMENON.

MR. SPOONER, late a farmer at Shuttington, near Tamworth, in the county of Warwick, died in June, 1775, aged 58. About five years before he died he weighed thirty-ſix ſtone, horſeman's weight; fourteen pounds to the ſtone,

ſtone, avoidupoiſe. The laſt five years, he was much increaſed in bulk, having in that time become extremely fat; but he would not ſuffer himſelf to be weighed, though requeſted by ſeveral gentlemen. His widow verily believes he would have weighed conſiderably more than forty ſtone, had he been weighed ſome time before his death. He was five feet ten inches in height; his appetite moderate, both as to eating and drinking, and his food ſuch as plain country farmers generally live upon.

He was very ſtout and active, and of a chearful merry temper. For the laſt five years, from his being ſo greatly fed in that time, he was very indolent. He had eight children, ſix ſons and two daughters, who are all living. Mr. Spooner's parents were not inclined to be fat, but one of his ſons is remarkably ſo. Mr. Spooner firſt began to grow fat at the age of twenty-five: at thirty-five, he was ſtabbed by a Jew with a knife, and loſt a conſiderable quantity of blood, but ſoon recovered of his wound. The undertaker of his funeral believes, without exaggerating, that the corpſe and the coffin, though only wood, weighed 700lb. The coffin was ſix feet long, three feet wide in the inſide, and twenty-three inches deep.

This account was taken the 10th day of Auguſt, 1775, from the widow of Mr. Spooner, at her houſe at Shuttington, by Mr. John Vaughan, and Mr. Samuel Heath, bailiffs of the borough of Tamworth.

REFLECTIONS.

THOSE who weep after guilty conduct, ſend forth their ſhowers at the concluſion of a dry harveſt.

The puerile ambition of doing things quickly, is the parent of impropriety and error; nothing is then well done, and many things are neglected.

A man that is rich, may be any thing beſides, without decreaſing his reputation: a man that is poor, may be every thing beſides, without encreaſing his reputation.

Think not of doing as you like;—the expreſſion characterizes the head-ſtrong; the unjuſt. Do as you ought to do!—'tis a golden precept; Pythagoras has not a richer.

Reaſon is the beſt leader for all ſects: it would ultimately lead to the cloſeſt union, and ſects would be no more.

CHARACTER *of* KING WILLIAM III.

By the Rev. Mr. BELSHAM.

THERE are few princes, in ancient or modern times, who have acted a more conſpicuous or important part on the great theatre of the world than King William III. Scarcely had he attained the age of complete manhood, when he was called upon by the united voice of his countrymen to reſcue them from the dangers of an invaſion which had nearly ſubverted the republic. When their apprehenſions had reduced them to the loweſt ebb of deſpondency, he awakened the drooping genius of the commonwealth, and Holland, under the auſpices of a prince of the houſe of Orange, quickly reſumed her courage, and re-eſtabliſhed her power. When theſe nations were threatened with the dreadful proſpect of popery and ſlavery, this prince was again invoked for aid and aſſiſtance, and accompliſhing with unparalleled happineſs and ſucceſs the glorious and immortal work of their deliverance was rewarded with that crown which fell from the head of the abdicated tyrant.

During the concluding years of his life, he was conſidered as the great bulwark of the liberties of Europe, and was angered by the pride and the power of Lewis XIV. to whoſe vaſt and unprincipled projects of ambitions he oppoſed, in that grand alliance of which he was the former and the head, an inſurmountable barrier.

Anſwer, by William England, of Lyme, to J. B. M.'s Charade, inſerted September 8.

FAIR women! the moſt lovely form
Of all things here below,
Are oft bedeck'd in WHITE array,
Which nature's works beſtow.

The tar when to the HAVEN ſteer'd
From ſtormy ſeas that roar,
Drowns all his ſorrows, crowns his joys,
In her whom he adores.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from J. King, of Kingſbridge; George Sherwill, of Modbury; Serjeant Aſh, of the Exminſter Volunteers; J. Ball, jun. and J. R. Toulmin, of Taunton; and Philom. of Teingmouth.

Anſwer, by Serjeant Whittle, of the Upway Volunteers, to W. Rennel's Charade, inſerted September 15.

BOTH LAP and WING, thoſe parts I find
Are in your charade well combin'd.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from E. Sherman, of Cornwood; Serjeant Aſh, of the Exminſter Volunteers; Thomas Coumbe, Stonehouſe; T. Jarvis, of Malborough; W. Sherwill, of Modbury; John King, of Kingſbridge; and T. Whicker, and R. Thomas, of Exeter.

A CHARADE, *by W. Harris, Jun. of Exeter.*

WHEN ſpring appears with verdure clad,
And paints the landſcape green,
My beauteous firſt on every hedge
Conſpicuouſly is ſeen.

Then o'er my next I love to ſtray
At morning's early hour,
Where bleating lambkins friſk and play,
Or crop the new-blown flow'r.

A fav'rite of the tuneful muſe
Whoſe merit brightly ſhines,
Whoſe ſweet ſimplicity delights,
Is hid beneath theſe lines.

A CHARADE, *by W. Rennels, of Barnſtaple.*

DID my abilities permit
On ſummer's ſcenes I'd pleas'd deſcant;
Or ſing how ſterile winter forms
My firſt, like ſheets of adamant.

Lo cataracts of rapid floods!
Lo rolling waves in mountains riſe!
Lo! "pelted by the pitileſs ſtorm"
Man to my next for ſhelter flies.

My whole conjoin'd judiciouſly
A certain building doth expreſs,
Form'd by the hand of luxury,
Which opulency doth poſſeſs.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

To a young Man who complained of the Infidelity of his Miſtreſs.

MY maxims, Euphenor, attend,
And truſt me they'll baniſh your care;
Believe me, they ſpring from a friend,
Who feels for the ſorrows you bear.
No more let the fondneſs of love,
Give one pang to a boſom like thine;
Since her virtue you cannot approve,
For Elmira, Oh never repine!

Can the fruit which hangs fair to the eye,
Tho' with poiſon its juices are fraught,
Give the paſſenger ever a ſigh
When he knows that ſo dearly 'tis bought?
Thus when beauty is mingled with vice
Tho' we cannot unfeeling behold,
It ſhould ne'er our affections entice,
Tho' e'en caſt in fair Venus's mould.

When deception ſpreads over the mind
A mantle apparently bright,
Tho' we ſigh that we perfidy find,
Can we grieve that 'tis brought to the light?
Oh ceaſe then, fond youth! to deplore,
The loſs which thy heart has ſuſtain'd;
For Elmira, Oh! never ſigh more,
Tho' once o'er thy boſom ſhe reign'd.

Go where virtue and ſenſe deck the fair,
And where modeſty adds to her charms;
To ſuch thy fond paſſion declare,
And forget all thy griefs in her arms.
Thus, thus ſhall thou baniſh each ſigh,
That within thy fond boſom aroſe;
Thus each tear ſhall be drove from thine eye,
And each ſorrow be lull'd to repoſe.

Tiverton, 1800.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

SOLEMN REFLECTIONS.

HEAR how the ſolemn bell, with mournful ſound,
In gentle murmur echoes o'er the lea!

Along

Along the vale the trembling notes rebound,
And warn the ſhepherd of the fates' decree.

Each bluſhing morn his daily toil renews
(His peaceful mind unaw'd by ſecret dread);
But ſoon—too ſoon, beneath yon dreary yews,
Thoſe active limbs muſt mingle with the dead.

Life is a tranſient hour; a winter's day;
In conſtant motion like ſome fleeting cloud;
Tho' fortune now her varying gifts diſplay,
We ſoon, alas! muſt change them for a ſhroud.

Some have a long, a peaceful, pleaſing reign,
No ſtorms of fate within their days appear;
Whilſt ſome endure the racks of pining pain,
And ſcarcely view the limits of an year.

E'en from the earlieſt moment of our birth,
It is our ſure, irrevocable doom,
To meet in death our native mouldering earth,
And find oblivion in the ſculptur'd tomb.

Repent ye mortals! ere the hand of fate
Shall call your ſouls from earthly ſcenes away;
Pauſe on the verge of death, or elſe too late
You'll ſeek the manſions of eternal day.

NAVAL PICTURE.

[From Dr. Hurdis's Poem entitled "The Favourite Village."]

NOT ſuch thy phrenſy, when the breeze at eaſt
Round yon tall promontories, yon vaſt chain
Of cliffs ſublime that gird Britannia's breaſt,
Than which her ſtedfaſt rock-encircled waiſt
Owns none more lofty, to the Thames-bound fleet
Blows adverſe. Safe beneath the muzzled mouths
Of yon twin parapets, whoſe weighty tubes
Menace the deep below, they moor ſecure
And ride expectant of the proſperous gale.
Oft from yon hill ſuperior, let me ſee
The peaceful anchorage of this wide bay,
Thus by the wind-bound mariner poſſeſs'd,
And chiefly when the natal hour of George
Revolves well welcome in the wheel of time,
What pleaſure then to number, one by one,
Floating, in honour of the regal day,
Their lifted enſigns! To behold more near,
On either parapet, its furniſh'd ſtaff
Superbly waving; on the weſtern fort,
That from the cliffy precipice down looks,
And war-locks imminent the mouth of Ouſe,
His ſtandard flaming; while the port beneath
On every ſtern a ſilken meteor ſhews!
How marks exulting theh th' impatient eye
Where blazes firſt the ſulphur-breathing tubes,
Redundant cloud, forth ſending unctuous ſmoke,
Ere long ſucceeded by exploſion vaſt:
Earth-ſhaking gratitude, which bark to bark
Kindles in turn, till every deck is loſt
In brief eclipſe of its own thundering cloud.